

HUNTING WITH  
THE MEADOW BROOK



**Acquired** 1971

**The Gift of**

Harry T. Peters Jr.

in memory of  
Harry T. Peters



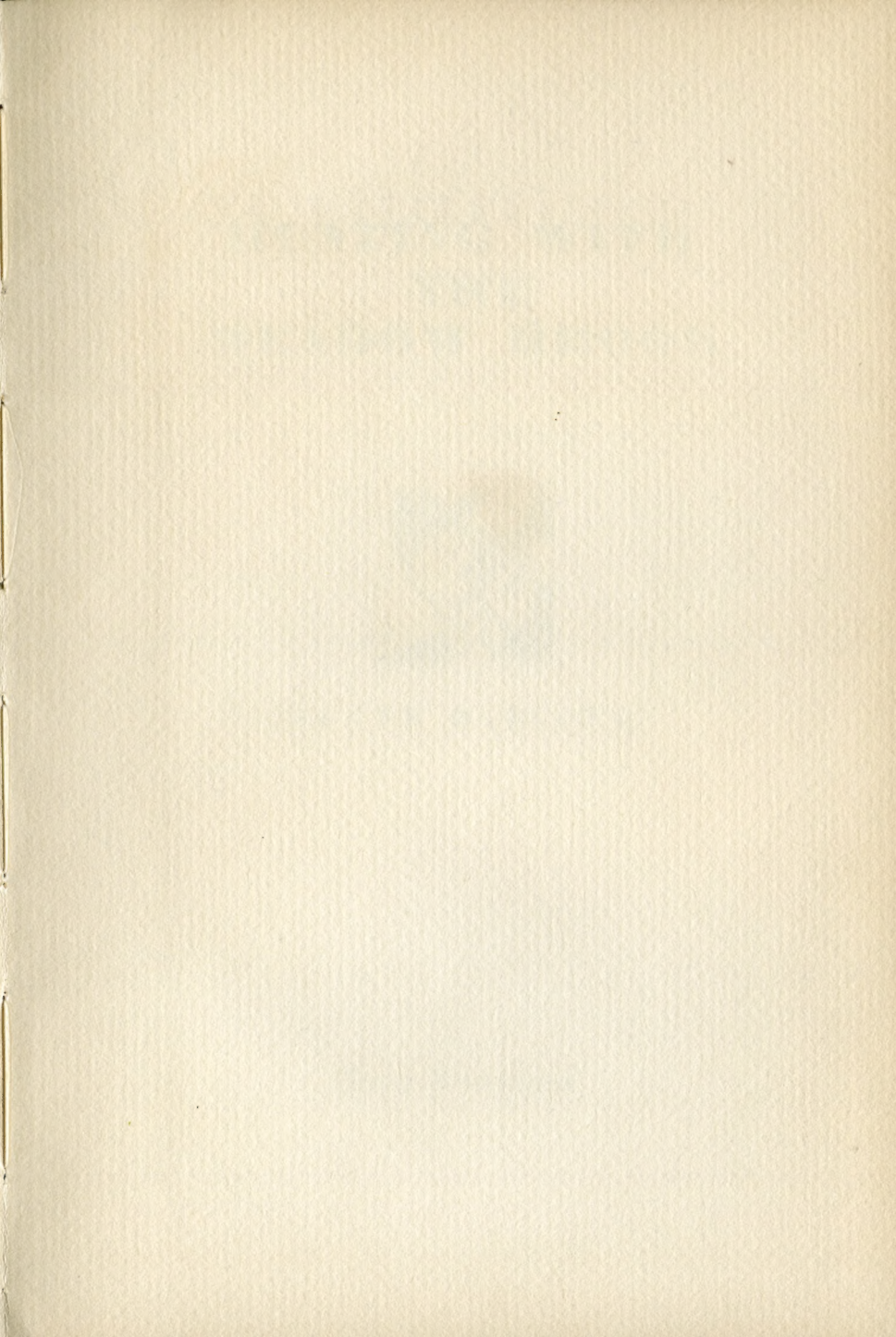
G. ALAN CROFT  
FINE STATIONERY  
200 EAST 10TH ST.

Feb 10  
1907

Dear Mr. Croft  
I have just sent you  
some books below in  
Hopes you will  
find it is very good  
and I am sure you  
will be glad to  
see them. I have  
also sent you some  
other books which  
I thought you  
would be interested in.







UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
THE  
JOURNAL OF THE  
MICHIGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY



1911-1912

Vol. 1, No. 1



---

---

**HUNTING WITH  
THE  
MEADOW BROOK**

---

---



**BETTY BABCOCK**

---

---

**POLO MAGAZINE**

---

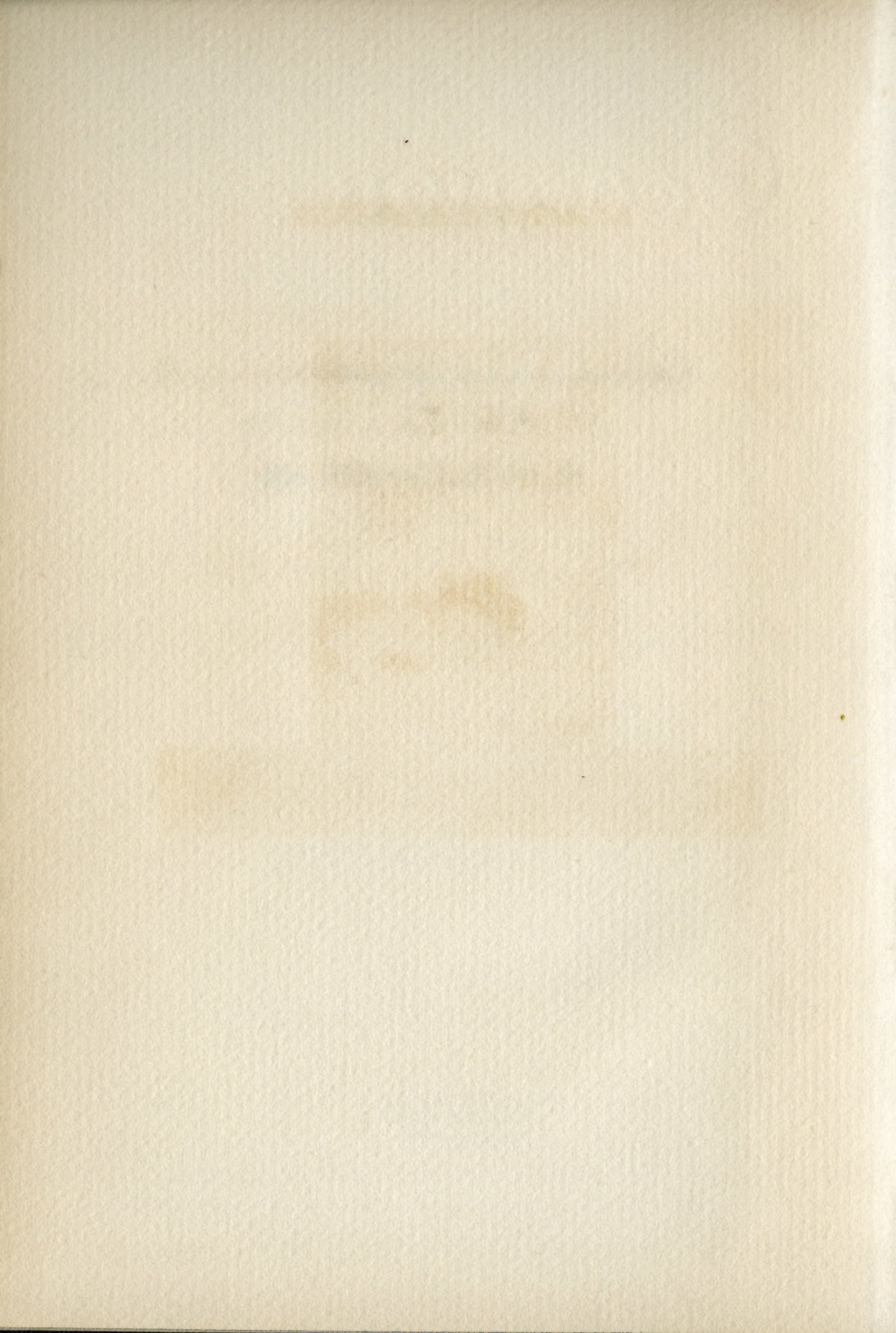
---

SEPTEMBER, 1931

G. ALAN CHIDSEY  
BOOK DESIGNER  
GREAT NECK N.Y.



*How the Famous Long Island Pack*  
*Succeeds in Overcoming*  
*Its Difficult Problems*





## Hunting With the Meadow Brook

“**W**HO is the girl on the yellow horse,” inquired the Master of the Secretary. The girl, me, is perfectly conscious of the appraising glances of these two important men, and like all female greenhorns mistakes them for interest and possibly admiration, innocent that their minds are wholly concerned with two thoughts my ability to pay

the subscription, and whether this sum will cover the amount of damage I do.

You have all read articles on hunting written by those

who know something about the subject. This short story is, then, unique, the writer representing the large and unwieldy group of overenthusiastic, ignorant, wild riding, mad jumping hyenas.

During the pigtail stage, I hotly pursued an aniseed bag over the Monmouth County farms, assisted in throwing horse meat to the "dogs" at the end of the run, and joined in lustily with "Worry, Worry," which I thought the "Brek-kek-coax-coax" of the hunting field. I, therefore, started fox hunting with a head empty of knowledge.

Having been well brought up, I missed every run for a week, so politely did I wait for older ladies to go through the gates and over the panels. As the average Meadow Brook field numbers well over a hundred, the majority of which seemed ladies of advanced years, I finally figured the cost of good manners was too high. So using arms, fists, legs, teeth, and tongue to push through the



mob, I had little difficulty in achieving a position that continually interfered with the progress of the hunt. I was triumphant. I found, however, that I was only one of many with the same plan of action.

That Long Island provides hunting at all, when you consider that houses grow there like mushrooms, is to the greatest credit of the Master, Mr Harry T Peters. Each year at least four covers are swallowed up by some architect's dream or nightmare, and more concrete roads are laid in every direction. Add to this a continually increasing field of dangerous tenderfoots, like myself, plus outraged farmers and landowners, and the picture is complete.

The foxes on Long Island are very smart, they have to be. The covers are always surrounded. Mr Peters can grow purple with rage, Mr Jackson Dykman, the Field Master, can threaten murder and sudden death if we so much as move, but we appear both blind and deaf

You, therefore, have the fox and the hounds in the cover, and the fox has the choice of being eaten or squeezing under some horseman. I know, for in my hey-day as an infernal nuisance, two foxes have wriggled under my horse. The poor fox having chosen the lesser of two evils is off, the field hallooing after him. That hounds are still in cover has occurred to few. At this point, burning epithets scorch our ears and we stand in our stirrups and haul in our chargers.

In proper order we now proceed to the first panel. By good fortune, the Master and Hunt Staff are permitted to go first, but then ensues a scene that can only be duplicated in the Times Square subway station.

But now we are galloping towards the second panel. We take a look back to see which particular menace is on our heels. It's the long-legged man on the iron-mouthed grey! With a prayer to heaven, and a tender farewell to our family, we fly it. Casting a look to the





*The Master and Mrs. Hewlett*

rear, we see that the grey has refused, and that the menace himself is in danger of decapitation, as the Meadow Brook field never stops for a little thing like a refusal.

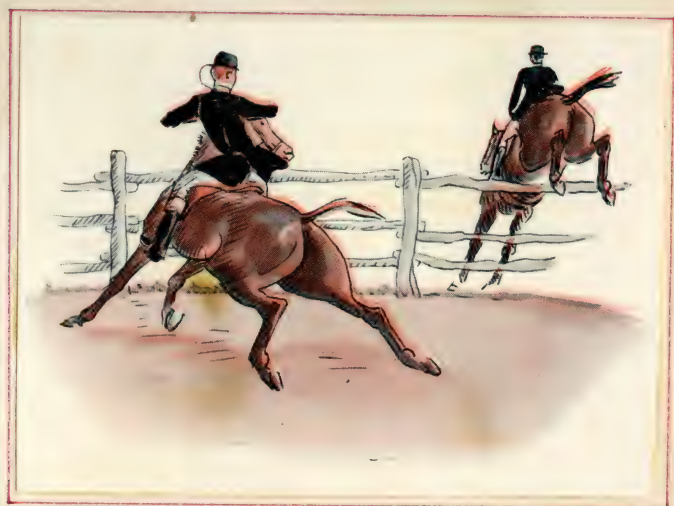
On we go towards a lovely green field. The word is passed back to "'Ware Wheat." We let out a shout of exultation, and you know the rest. The winter wheat receives a second ploughing, and the Meadow Brook Hounds a handsome bill, enclosed in a searing letter

Cross the Jericho Turnpike; it might as well be Broadway. How many packs could cross a sixty-foot wide concrete highway and pick up the scent at once, with horses charging them from the rear and cars on either flank? That they do is the greatest credit to our M.F.H. and that excellent huntsman, Thomas Allison.

We are off again. The country is open and we can pick our own line and panel, a few do, but those who have to jump the precise spot where the Master has leaped are legion.



*Philip Livermore*



The fox has turned. Anyone with two eyes can see that hounds have stopped running and are working like beavers to pick up the line once more. The top-flight have reined in and are quietly waiting, but here comes the charging cavalry. They barge right in among the hounds, and gallop around the field, trying to pull up their wild-eyed mustangs. The hounds, inured to this treatment, scatter till the bombardment has subsided, then set to work again.

While Allison casts hounds, the field moves around and has a rare sociable time swapping stories, lighting up, and generally making a considerable fuss. Repeatedly have we been told that when hounds are being cast, we should be still. No one knows why this simple order cannot penetrate the average cranium. A few are watching hounds, but the rest have paired off or are gathering in noisy groups.

Hark! Hounds are off. They have picked up the line and we are heading for the woods. Knowing there is





*Andy Dana*

only one panel into these woods, we increase our pace to keep ahead of the steam-roller. But supposing we had been passing the last few minutes engaged in sparkling conversation with the possessor of Peal boots and luxuriant whiskers, we would be caught in the maelstrom. By the time we arrived at the panel, we would be in the position of a bargain hunter at Macy's. The line would be forty deep. It would be surging, seething, cussing, and rough. "Sauve qui peut" is the only maxim to follow. Pull out, skirt the wood and trust to luck that in time you can catch up with the leaders.

The maneuver is successful. We are up again, galloping along a front drive. A fine lawn lies on either side of the road. The thundering herd have seen it and taken possession. The owner either has apoplexy, induced by rage, or if this is the second or third stampede he has witnessed, he just dies quietly of discouragement. We do not stop, but duck under the laundry lines in the



*Tom Allison, Huntsman*



backyard, leap over the vegetable garden, and make for the woods at the back. Through the woods, across the turnpike once more, and into Mr M. S. Burrill's place in Jericho. Here is a nice golf course, and those under the stern eye of the Master go through contortions in their endeavor to keep off the greens and fairway, but the pursuing horde can be counted on to see that many new bunkers and unplaced divots mark their line of flight.

Having given Mr Burrill food for thought, we pay Mr E. D Morgan a visit. It is more difficult to worry Mr Morgan, as his land is either in grass or woods, but the season has been dry, and we need not give up hope.

As we draw again, we are warned of the danger of fire, which seems to be the password for lighting up every kind of weed. We probably set fire to his woods. We have to many others, and we, of course,



talk and move about on the heels of the huntsman, as he encourages his tired hounds to draw.

The field has dwindled somewhat in size, but we are still of a destructive strength. Horses are tired, and

the climbing sun is making us uncomfortably hot, but we persevere. Are there not a dozen fine lawns, shrub walks and newly sown fields still unbaptized by hoofs?

"Tally-Ho" yells someone who is where he ought not to be, and we jam down our hats, and are off once more. The lady in front of us goes too slowly at her fence, her horse turns over and she is knocked out. Two of us pull out, but the field having those lawns in view and a duty to perform, crash to the right and left of us and go on. We apply first aid. We catch her horse. We wipe away the blood. We restore the hat to the head. We suggest home. We suggest a car, an ambulance, a stretcher We

are full of suggestions, but the patient firmly whispers "Horse." We hoist her on her horse. She is a bit wobbly, but she has a purpose — she wants to be in at the death of the shrub walk.

We watch her gallop away and then remount and start slowly homewards. Across the hills, the sound of Allison's horn comes to us.

I have written only of one side of hunting with the Meadow Brook Hounds, and would like in these closing paragraphs to draw a picture of the credit side of our balance sheet.

The unwieldy size of the field and its lack of experience, due to the large number of annual recruits, plus the encroachments of land by advancing population from the largest city in the world, but forty minutes away, are two severe handicaps.



*Jim Maloney*



It is extraordinary that under such conditions as these, I can truthfully say that in nine years of hunting with these hounds, I have never experienced a blank day. Our covers all harbor foxes, of which the greatest care is taken throughout the year. This is not luck but the result of intelligent, active administration.

The pack consists of fifty couple English, Welsh and cross-bred hounds, and Mr. Peters is continually importing outstanding hounds and improving the blood strains. Their ability to hunt under trying conditions is proven.

I would like you to see the Meadow Brook Hounds across the Morgan fields. Mr. Peters and the Staff all mounted on bays, blacks, or greys, the field, as well appointed externally as it should be internally, a moving army behind them.

I believe there is no  
Master or pack anywhere

that could meet such odds  
and overcome them with  
so much intelligence, re-  
sourcefulness, cheer-  
fulness, success. My hat  
is off to the Meadow  
Brook Hounds and to the  
gentleman who controls  
their destiny

---

---

---

---





